

## NORWAY MAN FATALLY INJURED BY AUTO

Nathaniel W. Bennett of Norway

Lake died at his home Sunday morning at 7.30 as the result of injuries received Saturday evening, when he was struck by an automobile owned by Harlan Haskell of East Waterford.

Mr. Bennett had gone to the J. S. Smith & Co. store, a short distance from his home, and on his return home he saw three cars coming from three different directions, there being two roads coming into the main highway to Norway, and a car coming down each road. It is thought that he became confused by the lights and stepped in front of the Haskell car which knocked him down, running over him, fracturing his skull. He did not regain consciousness.

Traffic Officer Wood made an investigation but did not detain Haskell as it was considered he was not at fault.

Mr. Bennett was a native of Albany, born Aug. 11, 1856, the son of Sylvanus and Frances A. (Maxon) Bennett, where he spent his early life. He also lived at West Bethel for some time. About twenty-three years ago he moved to Norway where he has since resided.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, William of Springfield, Mass., and Howard who lives at home, and a daughter, Mrs. Cyrus McKay of Norway Lake.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S

RALLY, BETHEL

**Coming Wednesday Evening Nov. 3.  
President Austin Calls Council Young  
People Chosen Regardless of Church  
Affiliations to Make This Rally Pro-  
ductive of Definite Things of Worth.  
Rally Will Begin at 7 and Close  
at 9 Promptly, Congregational Vestry.**

At the Monday evening council meeting at the home of the young people's Conference Director, special plans were made for an initial Rally at which time the following will be done:

1. Definite objectives will be launched in line with the purpose of Miss Ruth Carter, ex-leader of state work. (We do not believe that the plans and programs of such a leader will ever be

2. Inspiration and enthusiasm will be generated for better fourfold life—physical, mental, social and spiritual.
3. Plans will be made for Bible con-

4. We want a Central District full of young people's leader from Bo-

3. We want young people organized for the opposite of the following lines:  
Hark! the herald angels pass

rich, Mary Thomson, formerly  
of the same family.

chon. F. M. Bailey  
 ap. Nichols  
 ng. America. Grange  
 ating. Mrs. Martha Avesell  
 ead. Mrs. Hazel Fox  
 ating. Mrs. Eolian Stovens  
 ng. Grange  
 The dinner committee for the next  
 eting are Mrs. Frank Hall, Mrs.  
 ten Bano, Mrs. Isabelle Richards and

**SCHOOL NEWS**  
Eighth Grade  
Honor roll week ending Dec. 23:  
Shirley Heason, Hildred Bartlett,  
May Tabbette, Wilson Bartlett, Wil-  
liam Bartlett, Barbara Herrick, Kathryn  
Wick, Ruth Bennett, Robert Little.

rs. John Treadle, Mary Thurston.  
Honorable mention: Elvys Vashaw,  
Ivy Lowe, Dorothy Flanders.  
100 per cent in spelling for week:  
Ruth Bennett, Shirley Benson, Kath-  
a Herrick, Mary Thurston. Dorothy  
Flanders missed one word.







## HOW THE PILGRIM MOTHER

Kept Her Family in Good Health



A statue to the Pilgrim Mother was recently unveiled at Plymouth Rock, Mass. Through her untiring efforts, she kept her family in good health. She was a woman of great faith and courage, who lived through the hardships of the early days of the Pilgrims. Her story is a testament to the strength of the human spirit.

## Today's Big Offer to All Who Have Stomach Agony

Read About This Generous Money Back Guarantee

When you have any trouble with your stomach such as gas, heaviness and distention, why fool with things which at best can only give relief. Why not get the medicine that will build up your system, disordered stomach and make it so strong and vigorous that it will do its work without any help.

Such a medicine is Doan's Mentha-Pepsin, a delightful elixir that is sold by your local dealer and druggist. It is everywhere with the distinct understanding that if it doesn't greatly help you, your money will be gladly returned. It has helped thousands—it will no doubt help you.

**Boschee's Syrup**  
Soothes the Throat  
Eases the phlegm, promotes expectoration, gives a good night's rest from coughing, sore and red throat, at all seasons. If you cannot get it, write to G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

**Good Indication**  
"Do you think Alice likes me?"  
"Sure, her folks are knocking you at the time."

**A Lady of Distinction**  
Is recognized by the delicate, fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

Everybody wants to lose somebody and there is always somebody who wants to lose everybody.

## Overdoing?

Hurry, Worry and Overwork Bring Heavy Strain.

MODERN life throws a heavy burden on our bodily machinery. The eliminative organs, especially the kidneys, are apt to become sluggish. Retention of excess uric acid and other poisonous waste often gives rise to a dull, languid feeling and, sometimes, toxic backaches and headaches. That the kidneys are not functioning perfectly is often shown by burning or scanty passage of secretion. Many people are learning to assist their kidneys by the occasional use of Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS 60c**  
Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys  
Foster-McMurray Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

**DO YOU SUFFER FROM ASTHMA?**

There's nothing like this for breaking up colds—amazing relief to sore throat, head and chest—Safe—Money back—30 cents at all druggists.

**STOP THAT ITCHING**  
You won't have to wait—relief follows the first comforting touch of

**Resinol**

## DISHES GET FIRST SCRUBBING IN AGES

Ancient Pottery Found in Pueblo to Be Cleaned.

Washington.—Dishes that have not been washed for hundreds of years are about to be scrubbed and put on exhibition at the United States national museum here. They are the collection of earthen kitchenware, funerals, urns, and other objects brought back from the pueblos near Flagstaff, Ariz., by Dr. J. Walter Fawkes, curator of American ethnology at the Smithsonian Institution.

The bowls, vases, pots and jars were used by the ancestors of the modern race of Hopi Indians. It is believed, and are much cruder than those found further south in Mexico and Central America. Many of them are lopsided and none of them have flat bottoms. Unlike Perfected Pottery Today.

They are quite unlike the perfected Indian pottery picked up by tourists in the southwestern United States today. Most of the bowls, jugs and other vessels are made of red clay baked over fires so that the inside is smoked black and the outside is a mottled black and red. These articles are said to resemble the crude prehistoric pottery of Egypt before the days of recorded history, and apparently the same method was used in making them.

A second type of pottery depends for its decorative effect on notches made by the thumb-nail or by a pointed stick uniformly all over the outer surface. These vessels appear to have been made by laying strings of clay around and around and notching them into place until the shape desired was built up. This gives a corrugated effect to the objects.

Many Bowls Effectively Decorated. Many of the other pots and jars are covered with conventional Indian type of designs in black and white meandering and zigzagging over the surface.

One especially effective bowl might easily have been done by a modern artist of the impressionistic school. Some of the objects found were recovered from within the ruins of the houses, but many more beautiful and interesting ones came from the graveyard at the back. According to the aboriginal Indian custom, effigies and vessels probably once filled with food, medicines, and holy objects were buried with the dead. The corpses were plastered down with adobe and the possessions of the deceased placed around and on top. In many cases the skeletons remain found had been dressed up in shell bracelets and ornaments.

All of the objects brought back were covered with crusts of alkali, which entirely covered the surface and hid the interesting details. Only a few of them have been washed and studied to date.

## Queen Mary Inclines to Nottingham Lace

London.—Queen Mary has fitted all the rooms of Sandringham palace with Nottingham lace curtains and also has provided many of the beds in the famous palace with Nottingham lace spreads. This has come as something of a shock to decorators, who have been deriding lace curtains as draperies.

In doing over the old home of the late Queen Alexandra a few weeks ago, Queen Mary has been taken to her own taste has been taken by Queen Mary. The palace was somewhat gloomy with dark hangings and furniture. The queen has banished this gloom entirely and given a very bright, happy appearance to the palace. It was filled with many gifts and trophies of most sentimental value to the late queen, but most of these have been removed from the living rooms if they did not conform with the simpler style of decoration Queen Mary has chosen.

## U. S. Sets New Record in Manufacturing Output

Washington.—The country's manufacturing output during August was the highest on record, the Commerce department announced after comparing statistics from virtually all industries. The volume for the month was represented by the index number of 120 on a scale which makes the 1913 output set the base of 100 for the calculation. This is an increase of 12 per cent over August, 1912, and an increase of 7 per cent over the output of July of this year.

The textile and leather industries were the only ones which reported less production in August than for the same period of 1913. Automobile manufacture, which was assigned an index number of 233 for August, showed the greatest expansion.

## Japanese Royalty Grows Own Fresh Vegetables

Tokyo.—All the fruits and vegetables for the diet of the emperor and empress, prince regent and Princess Nagako, are grown in the Shinkin palace gardens by expert gardeners and carefully inspected in order that no insect may be permitted to reach the imperial stomachs. The gardens occupy several acres and include a number of large hot-houses. All varieties of vegetables are raised during the entire year. When the royal family is away on vacation, these special vegetables and hot-house flowers are sent to them daily in ice-packed private cars.

## TELLS OF LINCOLN'S RIVAL IN DEBATE

One of Few Who Matched Wits With President.

White Hall, Ill.—Josiah Lamborn, one of the few men who matched wits with Abraham Lincoln in debate, and whose name had been practically buried in an obscure grave here, will live again in a history of his life now being written.

The history of H. P. Lowenstein of Kansas City, member of a White Hall family, will be placed in the archives of the Illinois State Historical society at Springfield. Lamborn was a former attorney general of Illinois. He died at the age of thirty-eight in 1837 and he was buried in the old White Hall cemetery, where his body has lain unmarked only by a simple slab.

The story of how his grave was restored was told by R. B. Pearce, secretary of the White Hall Historical society.

"The issuance of a pamphlet by Mr. Lowenstein in 1919," Mr. Pearce said, "awakened new interest in this former attorney general of Illinois. With renewed search for facts of his life, and the beginning of his history, the historical society restored the grave and put it in presentable condition."

"Only recently Mr. Lowenstein found a statement where Stephen A. Douglas credited Lamborn with putting him (Douglas) on the oratorical map in a debate between these two men. Both being Democrats, Mr. Lowenstein was unable at the time to state what the debate concerned."

"Josiah Lamborn was one of a coterie of young lawyers," Mr. Lowenstein's story said, "who used to meet in the evening with Mr. Lincoln at Speed's store in Springfield, Ill., and discuss political and other subjects of general interest."

It was said that Lamborn was Lincoln's equal, but death overtook him and cut short his career, and he is now almost forgotten.

## Boy Reared in Arctic Will Test 'Civilization'

San Francisco.—Civilization and "savage living" are being put to the test by Thomas "Mickey" Gordon. The "trial" will determine whether Mickey, who was born at Point Barrow, Alaska, twenty-one years ago and lived there until this fall, will go back to the northland.

Mickey was brought here by his father, Tom Gordon, fur trader at Point Barrow for 40 years. Tom Gordon fitted out the 1915 expedition of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, and is a personal friend of Roald Amundsen.

The Gordons, father and son, came south on the fur-trading schooner Charles Brewer. "Ever since he was a small boy I promised I'd take him 'outside' to see the bright world of make-believe," said the elder Gordon. "Make-believe, because it doesn't seem substantial to me any more. Let the boy look around. I go North next spring. Give the boy a break."

Mickey can choose for himself between "make-believe" and the frozen land of his birth.

## Dainty Cigarettes Win Favor From Paris Men

Paris.—"Cigarettes of dainty color, for years an attraction of feminine smokers who shop in Fifth avenue, Bond street and the Rue de la Paix, have captivated the male of the species in France.

Not long ago, as an experiment, the state tobacco monopoly began wrapping its higher-priced cigarettes in paper of various hues—coral, amethyst and emerald. They have proven so popular that the monopoly intends to adopt other colors, and even to use one assorted package under the name of "rainbow."

The ordinary cheaper French cigarette will remain what it has always been—neither a thing of beauty nor a joy.

## Indian Strums Ukulele as Fire Warms Ukulele

New York.—A cold and lone-some North American Indian crawled into the basement of an apartment house in West End avenue and built himself a fire. He then strummed a ukulele around the blazing stove and accompanied to a series of plaintive plaintive songs. The combination of smoke and cheerful notes was too much for the tenants, who called the police on the fact of the West End eighth street station. Another tenant turned in a fire alarm.

## "TALLEST BUILDING" TITLE HELD BRIEFLY

Superior Height No Longer a Distinction.

New York.—With the skyscrapers of each year being lost in the shadows of the taller ones erected in the next, the designer who wishes to plan a distinctive building no longer can rely upon superior height alone.

Most of the cities of the United States are seeing their "tallest buildings" eclipsed, one after the other, as the result of a construction trend which has been gaining momentum for several years.

In the past, especially in the early part of the century, the erection of a building taller than any of its neighbors, or taller than any in the same town, was a guaranty that it would stand out prominently for a considerable time.

"World's Tallest" Record. In New York city several buildings successively acquiring the title of "tallest" held it long enough to gain national reputation. The American Surety building, one of the first downtown skyscrapers, was followed by the Flatiron building, and then by the Singer building. The title of "world's tallest" was then captured by the Woolworth, which held it unchallenged until the playing of the St. Louis new book tower in Detroit.

Most of the cities of America today are witnessing similar processes of "overtopping." In Cleveland the new "Canton Terminal" tower will rise 711 feet, considerably higher than the previous tallest building, except the Woolworth building.

The peak of the Brooklyn skyline was for years at 23 stories, the height of the Chamber of Commerce building. Suddenly it went to 24 stories with the Court Remsen building, and scarcely was this completed when work was begun on a new 30-story structure, and another, which is to go to 33 stories, all within a few blocks of one another. In nearly every section of New York city buildings which previously stood out as isolated skyscrapers are today surrounded by taller ones, like groves of trees.

When this overtopping occurs a structure can still hold its rank as one of the "leading buildings" through distinctive features other than height. Architects now plan to insure permanent prestige for the buildings they design by modern floor plans and lighting effects, exteriors made attractive by skillful use of terra cotta and other decorative materials, efficient elevator facilities and generally convenient equipment throughout.

Care is also being taken to avoid the buildings' ever assuming an appearance of "oddness" by the use in many cases of facing materials which can be washed with soap and water.

## Devises Instrument for Testing Tension of Cloth

Washington.—How tight should the covering on an airplane's wings be? A new instrument that measures the tension of the cloth that holds the wings in a displace as well as that used on planes has been perfected in the laboratories of the United States bureau of standards.

It is of great importance, say experts, that the tension of the fabric used in aircraft should be exactly right. If it is not tight enough, the operation of the plane is unsatisfactory. If it is drawn too tightly, there is likely to be strain on the metal framework.

The new instrument was constructed at the bureau of standards for use in the bureau of aeronautics of the Navy department. It is simple and easily operated and will test different portions of the fabric used on a machine without disturbing the covering as a whole.

## Contrary Herd of Deer Haled Into U. S. Court

Los Angeles, Calif. Thirty thousand deer in Klamath forest in northern Arizona, having captured, eaten and generally defeated plans of gamekeepers to transfer them to one foreign preserve, face the mandate of a special United States court.

Each year an equal dozen the deer so later plighted a foreign preserve, facing the mandate to cut back of trees which threaten large stands of valuable timber. Thus far the animals have evaded numerous attempts to transfer them, including a recent effort to send to a deer camp the great output of a new preserve.

The case was referred to a special court of three judges here recently by the government, contending the deer were about to eat while the state claims existing laws forbid hunters to enter the preserve.

## Indians Hunt to Buy Squaw's Silk Stockings

New York.—John H. Holman, returning from northern British Columbia and Alaska, where he bagged 12 muskoxen skins, caribou and Alaska sheep for the United States Biological survey and the National museum in Washington, told of penetrating regions never before explored. In this country, he said, he found a nomadic Indian tribe living in primitive fashion by hunting and fishing, but with some of the Indian women wearing high-heeled shoes and silk stockings, which they had obtained at trading posts in exchange for their furs.

**Hallowe'en**  
Jack-o'-Lanterns glowing in the dusk—surprises around every corner. But the biggest surprise of all is the one that awaits you when you first drink Monarch Cocoa.

**MONARCH**  
Quality for 70 Years  
Never Sold Through Chain Stores  
REID, MURDOCH & CO.  
Chicago • Boston • Pittsburgh • New York

## Lady Astor Depicted in Role of Autocrat

Lady Astor is particularly good to the young men of the American embassy. She has decided ideas about closing hours for parties, however, that don't always concure with the fancy of her guests. At a dinner and reception she gave for the duchess of York she snubbed the majority of the people home shortly after they had dined.

The gay younger crowd, however, could not be lightly disposed of, and Lady Astor wandered from ballroom to dining room, and through the halls letting fall sundry hints that as far as she was concerned the festivities were over. She told the orchestra to go home.

Presently Lady Astor announced in no uncertain tones that if the young people had any homes to go to they were to live themselves in that direction and not to waste time.

"I am sleepy," said the American-born peeress, "and you should be if you're not." Silence, and darkness soon enveloped the Astor mansion. —Pennsylvania Hotel Register.

**Taking No Chances**  
"Hazel is so jealous."  
"Yes, she won't introduce Harold to her own sister."

## Children Cry for



**Fletcher's CASTORIA**

MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind, Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**Classified**  
Willie—What's an anthology, dad?  
"That's a book in which you never find what you're looking for, my boy."

**Needs It All**  
P. W. writes: "The seashore never could stand what it has to if it didn't have plenty of sand."—Boston Transcript.

## Demand

**BAYER**

**ASPIRIN**

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians and proved safe by millions over 25 years for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago  
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

**DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART**

**Safe**  
Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.







### CARD OF THANKS

We heartily wish to thank our relatives, friends and neighbors for their kindness shown us in our recent bereavement, on the death of our dear mother; to the Rev. Mr. Oliver for his words of comfort, and to all those who sent flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bailey,  
Mr. Charles Frost,  
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Gandett.

### BUY YOUR ROOFING DIRECT

from us. Known all over New England for 25 years for the QUALITY of our products. Why be satisfied with less than the longer service and lower price secured here? Order from this ad., for prompt shipping.

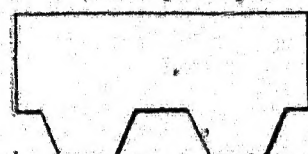
**HIGH GRADE ASPHALT STRIP SHINGLES**  
\$5.75 per sq.



Laid quickly and easily. Self-spacing. Fire-retarding. Handsome. Economical. Surfacted with crushed slate particles well rolled in. 10" wide, Red, Green or Blue-black Surface. \$5.75 per sq.

12" wide, Green or Blue-black Surface. \$7.25 per sq.

\$4.85 per sq.



**HEX STRIP SHINGLES**  
Very popular. Combine economy with real roofing service—years of wear at low cost. Blue-black only. Surfacted with crushed slate. 13 1/4" wide. Introductory Price \$4.85 per sq.

**GRANITE ROOFING**  
Heavy-duty roofing. Same material as asphalt strip shingles—in rolls. Red, green or blue-black. Special low price—\$2.10 per sq.

**SUNSET ROOFING**  
Our own brand. Perhaps your father used it. One of the best known quality roofing in New England—time-tested on thousands of roofs. Satisfies the roofing question for many years with "SUNSET". Price per roll: Light \$1.95 Heavy \$2.90 Medium \$2.45

**ALASKA ROOFING**  
A low-priced roofing, not quite as good as Sunset but extra good value for the money. Will outwear many kinds that cost more. Per roll: Light \$1.35 Heavy \$1.98 Medium \$1.75

**LUMBER BARGAINS**  
Chaparral, per 1000 ft. \$20.00  
Our best grade, per M. 30.00  
Our best Cedar Shingles, per M. 4.95  
Another grade, per M. 4.50  
Rift Hard Pine Flooring, per M. ft. 58.00  
Another grade, our best, 76.00  
Our best Rift Fir Flooring, 76.00  
Another grade, 57.00  
Fir Novelty Siding, our best, 49.00  
Per M. ft. 38.00  
Fir Ceiling, our best grade, per M. ft. 38.00

NEW CATALOG 98-C FREE  
**WEBBER**  
LUMBER & SUPPLY CO.  
FITCHBURG, MASS.

### DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES

#### STATE OF MAINE

### Special Primary Election

For the State of Maine

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE to be voted for in the Special Primary Election to be held November 1, 1926, in the State of Maine. Penalty for willfully defacing, tearing down or destroying a list of candidates or a specimen ballot, FIVE TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FINE. FRANK W. BALL, Secretary of State

#### List of Candidates

MAKE A CROSS (X) IN THE SQUARE TO THE RIGHT OF THE NAME OF THE PERSON YOU WISH TO VOTE FOR. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS AS TO THE NUMBER OF CANDIDATES TO BE MARKED FOR EACH OFFICE. ADD NAMES BY WRITING OR PASTING STICKERS IN BLANK SPACES AND MARK CROSS (X) TO RIGHT OF EACH NAME. DO NOT ERASE NAMES.

FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR	Vote for ONE
FULTON J. REDMAN, Ellsworth.	

### REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

#### STATE OF MAINE

### Special Primary Election

For the State of Maine

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE to be voted for in the Special Primary Election to be held November 1, 1926, in the State of Maine. Penalty for willfully defacing, tearing down or destroying a list of candidates or a specimen ballot, FIVE TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FINE. FRANK W. BALL, Secretary of State

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FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR	Vote for ONE
PHILIP A. DANTER, Portland	
HUGHSON C. HAZZELL, Belfast.	
ARTHUR B. RYLAND, Presque Isle.	
LOUIS A. JACK, Lamoine.	

### WEST PARIS

The Universalist society will hold the annual sale, chicken pie supper and entertainment at Good Will Hall Wednesday, Nov. 17.

Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, Misses Della and Minnie Lane, Miss Minnie Stevens, Mrs. Mabel A. Mann, Abner H. Mann, Miss Annabel Snow, Miss Ruth Tucker, Mrs. Ida Mountfort, Mrs. Ruth Devine, Miss Marion Towne, Miss Dorothy Dunning, Miss Eva Tucker and Mrs. H. R. Tuell attended the Oxford Universalist Association at Bethel Wednesday.

Mrs. J. S. Wight entertained the Good Will Society Wednesday.

Mrs. Sara Curtis spent several days at Gorham, N. H., last week.

Mrs. Emma Berry was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Ernest B. Jackson, at Norway over the week end.

Mrs. Ruth Devine and daughter Louise were week end guests of relatives at Auburn.

The annual Red Cross meeting will be held in the Methodist chapel Thursday evening, Oct. 28, at 7:45, to arrange for the membership drive. It is hoped that all will be interested in this cause, for every year we help those in need.

The Daughters of Union Veterans will hold their regular meeting Monday evening, Nov. 1, at 7:30. The inspector will make her annual visit that evening.

Mrs. Clara Bidon was a recent guest of her niece, Mrs. Helene Buhler, at South Paris.

Mrs. Lena Herriek has returned from a trip to Los Angeles, Calif., where she went as a delegate to the national W. C. T. U. While there she saw several Paris people—Mr. and Mrs. Lee Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Alanson Cummings, Mrs. Clarence Dunham—and enjoyed an

auto ride with Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Dunham to Long Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Dunham were former residents of Waterville, and Mr. Dunham a native of Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Wardwell have been to visit Mr. Wardwell's brother and wife, who returned from Penobscot with them.

Mrs. Guy A. Smith gave a dinner party Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. George W. Devine and daughter, Louise, who are soon to close their home for the winter. The Jolly Twelve Whist Club was invited and gave Mrs. Devine a complete surprise when she arrived.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dunham are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, David Linden.

The business and social meeting of the Friendly Class will be held with Mrs. Emma Emery, Oct. 28.

### GROVER HILL

Mr. S. W. Goodwin of Norway was in town on business Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Meserve and children from Mechanic Falls were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Tyler. Mr. M. F. Tyler is cutting cedar posts for Clarence Meserve of Mechanic Falls, who has already hauled home a truck load.

Among the out of town friends who came to attend the funeral services of the late Eldon R. Whitman of Boston were: Mrs. E. R. Whitman and daughter, Dorothy E. Whitman, Mr. M. E. Gibbs, Miss Ruth Gibbs, and Edward M. Gibbs from Medford, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Whitman and family from Worcester, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Franz Whitman from Clinton, Me.

W. H. Hutchinson has employment at Bethel Inn.

A horse belonging to Perley Flinders of Skillington got into a mud hole and was found dead on Almon Tyler's meadow recently.

Mr. Ernest Mundt of Waterville was a recent guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Mundt.

Mr. E. B. Wheeler has sold his family home to Miss R. B. Mayberry.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Wheeler and family have moved from the farm to one of Mrs. Frank Abbott's cents on Mill Street.

Ervin Hutchinson is cutting cedar posts for M. F. Tyler.

### NEWBY

Duncan McPherson was at home Saturday from Grand, returning Monday morning.

Al Reed from Berlin was in town

Saturday.

W. H. Bond of Garden City has been staying at his summer home here a few days but returned to New York Sunday morning. He is having a new ice house built at his farm here.

Mr. and Mrs. Linn Briggs of West Paris were in town last Sunday calling at W. N. Powers.

Mrs. F. J. French is moving to her house in Bethel village.

### HOG CHOLERA WORST IN FALL

Hog cholera destroys about 80% of all hogs dying from disease in the United States. No specific cure for the disease is known. All so-called hog cholera medicines are a snare and a delusion. The "anti-hog cholera serum," evolved by the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry, is the only reliable preventive agent. This serum is now manufactured by several State institutions and by private licensed firms by the Secretary of Agriculture for the purpose. The disease attains its greatest height during September, October and November, dying down rapidly after this time, particularly after snow falls, and reaching its lowest point during February.

Reports from the field which reach the Department of Agriculture indicate that there are outbreaks of hog cholera as present in a number of States and that owing to the scarcity of anti-hog cholera serum many hogs are dying of the disease. During the past five years there has been comparatively little cholera in the country and as a result the hog growers have not been immunizing their hogs as in previous years, now a large proportion of the hogs that are being fattened for market are susceptible. Serum producers are doing everything possible to meet the demand for serum.

### KEEP BEES BETTER

Even if a colony of bees is strong at

### Mr. Miller Sleeps Like

Log, Eats Anything

"After taking Adverika I can eat anything and sleep like a log. I had gas on the stomach and couldn't keep food down for sleep," signed R. C. Miller. ONE special Adverika removes gas and often brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stomach that fails, flatulent feeling. Often brings out old ailments matter you never thought was in your system. Excellent for chronic constipation. W. B. Benson, Bethel.

this time, it cannot be expected to go through the winter well in the North unless it now has a good young queen, that plenty of young bees will be reared to live through the winter. All '1 bees which have worked through the summer will soon die. Any colony

which does not have at least thirty pounds of honey and the hive full of young bees when cool weather comes should be united with some other colony of the same kind, or with a stronger one. Most winter loss is caused by poor fall management.

## ??? WHY A KINEO RANGE

We know of many KINEOS built in the Eighties that are in Maine kitchens this year of 1926, and giving satisfaction. They are known as "Old Faithful" and that is just what they are



**FAITHFUL IN BAKING - COOKING AND HEATING**  
ECONOMICALLY

A Kitchen pal and a good one.

The 1926 KINEO embodies the same high grade materials and workmanship as ever, with every improvement that really improves.

It requires only a few dollars to put a KINEO at work in Your Kitchen.

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# PORTO BELLO GOLD

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

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WINE SERVICE

## CHAPTER XVIII

### "Fetch Aft the Rum, Darby McGraw!"

Murray had predicted that the looting of the Santissima Trinidad would send the frigates to sea from Santo Domingo, St. Pierre, the Havana and Kingston, and the adventures of the Walrus furnished ample confirmation of his words. Six days' sail to the southward we raised the topsails of a lofty stranger whom the lookouts identified as a king's ship.

Flint, summoned from his perpetual debauch in the main cabin, agreed with them and ordered the helm put over. The Walrus headed west, and the stranger followed her. She clung to us through the day and night, and in the morning our glasses revealed the ominous belt of gunports of a sixty-gun frigate. But like all English second-rates, she was clumsy in the water, and Flint was a good seaman, nothing else. He contrived to keep beyond cannonshot and during the second night shifted his course cleverly and gave our pursuer the slip.

For us three prisoners the Walrus was a floating boudoir. Moira might not stir from her stateroom unless it be at night when Flint occasionally slept and the most of the crew were crawling in the fore-cabin; but she never complained of the confinement that washed the color from her cheeks, and retained her buoyant spirits despite the hideous danger which shadowed her every hour.

Without Darby she would have been in even worse case. 'Twas he spied out the moments she could venture abroad and thrust himself dauntlessly between her and any threats. He carried her such food as she would eat and often did the same for us, for Flint was become subject to seizures of unmanageable ferocity, in the grip of which he distrusted all aboard the ship saving Bill Bones and Darby, and was in terror of unseen presences that lurked about the cabin's corners and moved at him from the stern windows.

In these seizures he would take his pistols and shoot in every direction, regardless of who might be present, or with his hanger he would hack at the walls and pursue imaginary enemies along the companionway. But for Darby he would have slain Bill Gunn, and he did actually cut down one unfortunate fellow who goggled at him as he stamped out upon the deck, foaming and mauling defiance to the ghosts that tormented him.

It was soon after this that the fever first appeared in our midst. I can still see the look, half-dazed, half-mad, in Silver's face as he heaved himself aft by one of the life-lines which gridded the main deck and hauled Flint on the poop.

"There's ten lads groaning in their hammocks, cap'n!"

"Take your crutch to 'em," snapped Flint.

"Them lads is sick," answered Silver. "Hellyaches and headaches a-plenty 'em in knots."

"They're soldierin' so as not to have to go aloft," returned Flint. "But if you're afraid of 'em, I'm not."

The first of the sick men he prodded with his hanger already was dead, and he hastened back to the cabin and scolded himself anew with rum. I heard him mumbling to Bones as he entered the companionway:

"It's main queer, Bill. I don't like it. Maybe my luck ain't good against Alvarez."

"Maybe," answered Bones. "What has yer done wif the map?"

Flint's teeth grinded together. "If I thought ye—"

"Relay there, John. I'm only thinkin' as if ye was sick some of them swabs forward might try to come by it."

"Don't ye worry about that," advised Flint grimly. "It's safe—and it will stay safe."

A second man died the next day, and there were eighteen sick instead of ten. A panic possessed the crew, and Silver mustered a feeble council of frightened pirates, who whined and whined each other as they gazed awestruck at Flint's congested visage atop of the barrel which was his official throne. Through accents that themselves, they accorded him the sincerest respect which was the due of one who utterly surpassed them in wickedness. He was "a raw'un," "a main desperate rogue," "lead and steel was same as bread and meat to him."

"What'll ye have?" he growled.

"Well, 'tis this way, cap'n," Silver bearded diplomatically. "The crew feels as the fever comes from the ship's belt 'aft and at sea so long—"

"We ain't been long at sea—"

"Maybe not so long from the Ready, but we ain't careened or cleaned ship this year."

"Whose fault is that?"

"It ain't nobody's fault. But it do seem as if we'd oughter run into some likely port where we could get sweet water and greens and check the fever before it runs through the crew."

"There's a many ports we could make," commented Flint sarcastically.

"We could allus head up for the island," interposed Silver.

"So's you could go for to dig up the treasure we just stowed away," snorted Flint. "Not if I know it!"

"There ain't been talk of the island," said Silver hastily. "But what would ye say to the Bermoothes?"

"Too many reefs to pile ourselves on—Hamilton is a port o' call for the king's ships."

"Them's the very words I said myself!" exclaimed Silver. "And what would ye say to Savannah, cap'n, which same is a quiet spot and has no garrison, seen' as Georgy is the newest o' all the colonies in Ameriky?"

Flint reached down to the deck beside him and lifted a bottle of rum to his mouth, going through the usual performance of draining it at one colossal gulp to the considerable admiration of the crew.

"Aaa-uh," he muttered, wiping his lips with the back of his hand. "Savannah, eh? That might do. But mind ye, men, I'll ha' no talk of dishonoring there or elsewhere. We'll stop by to clean up the fever and water, and when that's done we'll square off south and collect what's comin' to us on the Dead Man's Chest. I'm a man o' my word!"

Silver made quick assent.

"Fairly put. And the while we're lying off Savannah the frigates will be a-warin' themselves out on false news. It works both ways, cap'n."

"I'll work my way," rapped Flint. He slid off the barrel, balanced dizzily for a moment and walked into the companionway under the poop.

"Darby McGraw!" he called harshly. "Ho, Darby, fetch aft the rum."

That night he had another of his fits, declaring that Andrew Murray was come aboard to slay him. He chased Bones from the cabin, hanger in hand, and was for setting upon the watch on deck when Darby restrained him with a bottle of rum, asserting it to contain Murray's heart's blood. Flint tossed it off with howls of infernal glee and retired to snore on the cabin floor, twitching and foaming at the mouth in his slumber like one possessed. The next day as we rolled in the oily swell under a torrid sun with the pitch prickling up in bubbles from the seams, the fever laid its hot hand upon him.

He bubbled childishly of his luck. "Ye wouldn't break my luck, God! Oh, ye wouldn't! There never was none like John Flint to rove the seas, John Flint as outwitted old Murray and was the end of him."

The droning voice would ramble on day and night, with intervals of exhausted sleep, punctuated by awful, explosive screams:

"Ho, Darby! Darby McGraw! Fetch aft the rum, Darby!"

And again:

"I'm a-burnin' in my guts, Darby. Ye wouldn't leave me to burn. Fetch me a noggin o' rum!"

Other times he would sing, and always the one song that had been my introduction to his company:

Bellamy's hangin' all dried and brown—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!  
A-rattin' his chains by Kingston town—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum!

But words cannot describe the horrors of the week which succeeded. For five days men died at the rate of three a day. Then the disease seemed to diminish in virulence, and although we had as many as seventy sick at once, practically all survived. As a rule, men who were stricken either perished within twenty-four hours or else made a slow recovery. Flint was one of the few exceptions, and I can only suppose that in his case the illness resolved itself into a battle between a naturally stoney frame and the weaknesses developed by the strong liquors with which it had been saturated.

"That we three and Darby were untried I attribute as much as anything to the measures which Peter took. He brewed a drastic purgative of rum, laxatives and gunpowder, and he was insistent that Darby should procure a large earthen crock to contain boiled water which we kept in Moira's stateroom. Bones, Silver, Pew and those others of the crew who escaped the infection did so simply because of their physical vigor, or perhaps because they were so accustomed to living in filth that the exaggerated conditions aboard the Walrus might not harm them."

A week from the day we steered westward we sighted the mouth of a broad river, crooked a bar at high tide and bore upstream between low, sandy shores overgrown with pine forests. On the verge of evening we rounded a point of land and dropped our anchor opposite a little log-built town perched on a sandy bluff.

Peter and I had seized the opportunity of the sickness to escort Moira to the sail for a view of a new surroundings, and we were staring longly at this outpost of civilization when the third of Silver's crutches sounded on the deck behind us.

"Ye might think from them gams as a shore as there was a mighty treasure in Savannah," he observed, "but bless ye, there ain't enough worth the

takin' in that town to pay for the gunpowder to blow down the stockade."

I assented, and Flint's voice came faintly through the twilight:

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a—

"Ho, Darby! Darby McGraw! Fetch aft the rum, Darby McGraw!"

"He's main bad, Flint is," Silver thrust a thumb over his shoulder.

"Won't hardly last till mornin', Bill says."

"Oh, poor soul!" exclaimed Moira. "And him with so much wickedness to answer for! I am thinking he will have a great need of prayers, so if you will be after taking me below, Bob—"

Flint called out suddenly in a frenzy of fear:

"Bill! Where's Bill Bones? Stand afore me, Bill. There's them here I can't face!"

The guttural murmur of Bones' voice answered the plea. Silver cocked his head on one side, hand cupped to ear, listening eagerly. But the words were impossible to distinguish.

"No, no, not yet, Bill," wailed Flint. "I ain't agoin' to die. Where's Darby? Here, lad, you come and sit by me. You're my luck, Darby. I can't die with you by me."

Bones spoke again, and with an oath Silver cuddled his crutch in his armpit.

"Be Off With Ye, Ye Red-Haired Rat," he growled.

and hopped over the deck to the companionway.

"We better go," said Peter. "Ja, we take der little gal to her room, Bob! I don't like this."

Silver reached the door of Flint's stateroom as we stepped inside the companionway. We could see him distinctly in the light of the falling sun set glow which came through the stern-windows. Ben Gunn was crouching by the door, with his back toward us, heaving his arms about himself and evidently over-dropping upon what went on in the stateroom. As we watched Silver swung his right arm and dealt Gunn a blow which knocked him head over heels into the main cabin. The steward emitted one agonized howl and scuttled under the cabin table. Silver wrenched open the stateroom door and poked his head inside.

"Well, well, if this ain't a touchin'!"

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pieter!" he remarked. "Bill, I see you're doin' the kind and doubtful by our lamented skipper. But anybody as knows ye would expect it of ye. Is that the treasure-map?"

"What are ye goin' to do about it?" snarled Bones by way of answer.

Silver backed into the companionway, as if in mute obedience to a leveled weapon.

"Do?" he repeated. "That depends, Bill. We'll see what the crew has to say."

"Aye, that we will," retorted Bones, and his voice vibrated with undisguised triumph. "Who's to come after ye, cap'n?" he added.

"I ain't goin' to die, Bill," came Flint's mournful wail. "Where's the rum, Darby? I'm a-burnin' wif thirst."

"Who's to come after ye, John?" pressed Bones remorselessly.

Silver indulged in a winking laugh. "Aye, he knows what to answer!" And Flint echoed him gaspingly:

"Bill's mate, He—has—map."

"Satisfied?" jeered Bones.

"I be, Bill," Silver assured him. "But we'll put it to the crew first, all fair and regular. And whatever they say, Bill, you remember I'll be watchin' ye. Don't try any tricks wif that map. I'm ready for ye, and if ye start tricks we'll put the Black Spot on ye."

"To — wif you and your Black Spot!" roared Bones. "Get out o' here afore I take my knife to ye."

Silver stepped toward us, his face distorted with rage.

"He has it," he rasped. "— him for the shifty scoundrel he is! Well, the next move is for ye to plot, Master turncoat!"

"I see it not," I said coldly.

"Wait till he thinks o' the maid here," replied the one-legged man and hopped out on deck.

From Flint's stateroom Darby's voice rose in protest.

"Take your hand off me, ye— Ah, if he wants the rum do be lettin' him have it! Sure, what will it matter—"

"Taint no use wastin' good rum on a dead man," said Bones, chuckling thickly.

"There was a rumble of liquor, and Flint moaned:

"Where's my rum? Fetch aft the rum, Darby McGraw!"

"Ah, ye black-headed wretch!" shrieked Darby. "May the hanches whistle for ye, and— I'll not! Be ware do ye touch me, I say, or I'll—"

The door of the stateroom crashed open again, and Darby was bundled out into the companionway.

"Tis bad luck, and not good, I'll wish on ye!" he screamed.

Bones' ugly face was projected from the doorway long enough to squirt a stream of tobacco-juice at the bay.

"Be off with ye, ye red-haired rat," he growled.

"Ye fine luck ye brought to John Flint, wif the rattles in his throat!"

"Darby McGraw!" wailed Flint. "Ho, Darby! Fetch aft the rum, Darby McGraw!"

The stateroom door slammed shut on the dying man's plaint, and Darby stood for an instant shaking his fist at its panels.

"May the priest fall dead that would be agin' mass for your soul!" he cursed. "May him that offers ye bits or suppers the bitter poison in it! May ye never know sleep that will rest ye or kindness that— Ah, but what will be the use of it all? For there will be nothin' but just the fires of hell to punish one that's as bad as ye!"

He turned wearily and saw me, and

the tears trickled down his freckled cheeks.

"Oh, Master Bob, I doubt me the cap'n dead or close to it, and Bones he—he—drove me forth, for—for fear I'd spy on him, says he—and him wif the treasure-map he blathered from Flint in his weakness! By the Rock o' Cashel, I'm finished wif plagues. They're a poor lot. Leave us go home."

"If we only could, Darby!" I said.

He dashed a grimy paw across his eyes and gave me one of his shrewd looks.

"Troth, Master Bob, I'm thinkin' we're none of us like to live else," he answered.

CHAPTER XIX

Cap'n Bill Bones

Clump-clump-clump went the heavy sea-boots up and down the echoing length of the companionway, and the mutter of voices beat an accompaniment to them.

"Aye, there he lies."

"—me, was there ever such a mug?"

"Ah, but ye'd oughter ha' seed him afore Long John put the pennies to his eyes!"

"Taint right to put pennies to John Flint's eyes, him as handled onzas like other fellows does fardin' it."

"Are ye daff, mate? Ye'd never put gold in a dead man's shroud!"

"Mebbe not! Mebbe not! Not to be sewed up, no."

"Ah, what's it matter? He's dead. The river'll have him—"

The clumping became a measured tramp as four tall seamen carried out the canvas cylinder that had been John Flint. A babble of grief from Darby broke the silence.

"Grief be to God, and him gone overboard in all his sin! (Oh, St. Bridget and St. Patrick and Blessed Veronica and Holy Mark, do ye intercede for him? Let ye cry upon the Virgin to be speakin' for him in the heavenly courts. Oh, wirra, wirra, wirra, evil he was, and good in his way, and there's none by to give him the chance of purgatory!")

A roar from Bones.

"Stow that guff! Here, a pair o' ye strangle the muck if he'll not hush. Darby whimpered and was still.

"Downstream," continued Bones. "here, to in'd, Ease him up. Where's that shawl? Is it fast? Let him go, mate!"

A splash.

"And now wholl say as Bill Bones is not cap'n o' the Walrus?" demanded Bones, gruffly menacing.

Peter touched my arm, pushing open Moira's door very gently.

"Ye'll not be leaving me?" she breathed.

"Seen," he denied. "But we better hear what they do."

Bones was talking again as we stole into the deserted companionway. He sat on the barrel which Flint had been used to occupy. A battle lantern hung over his head, and the pale yellow light showed him to be high as drunk as his dead commander.

"—and to — wif luck! He was a good gal, Flint was; but he thought too much of luck. I'm a seaman, I am. Give me rum and stars, and I'll steer ye a course. Give me sight o' topsails, and I'll fetch ye 'longside o' a pelican. I'm no man for fuss, I'm not. Ye can ha' all the rum ye want, so be ye call the ship and fight her."

"Now, what ha' ye to say? Speak up, any o' you swabs as is for trouble."

Long John Silver spoke from the shadows, his words flowing smoothly with an insinuating, oily reflection.

"We better make it all regular, Bill. Give me mate, and you say as how Flint gave you the treasure-map and says you was to be cap'n after him; but regular, and it don't do no harm to—"

It was pulled a stiff, crackling sheet of map paper from his breast, and waved it in the air.

"Here's the map," he declared.

"Flint give it to me, as he says."

"Sure I says it, Bill," proceeded Silver, undisturbed. "But what I says, too, is as we'd oughter have a 'lection as the Articles provide."

A murmur of assent greeted this declaration. Bones scowled.

"Taint necessary," he returned.

"I'm mate and I'm the only real navigator ye got. But go ahead and lect whatever ye please—only remember I got the treasure-map!"

"Yes, you got the treasure-map, Flint agreed Silver, and his voice somehow became more hateful than ever.

"But we don't allow as it's yours, ye know. You're what the lawyer shanks calls a trustee. You keeps it for the rest o' us, and we—"

he chuckled venomously—"why, we keeps our eyes on you, Bill."

Bones swore.

"Get on wif the 'lection," he adjured the crew. "Who's to be cap'n? Speak up—and name some one!"

A dozen sycophants shouted "Bones," with a vim which inspired him with sweating vanity, and several called out "Silver!" and "Long John!"

"Anybody else?" challenged Bones. Nobody answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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"I suffered with rheumatism for years. There was a gravel deposit in the urine and I had frequent headaches. I had dark circles around my eyes and was always tired. I bought a box of your Dodd's Pills and am glad I did, for I secured quick relief and think they are a wonderful remedy."

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**FOR SALE**—Four weeks old pigs, \$5.00. Inquire of T. H. Burk, Bethel, Maine. 10-21-23

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1923.

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## THE J. E. JONES LETTER

## HIGH SCHOOL ORATORS

President Coolidge says that the oratorical contests in which high school students have recently participated in Maine in Washington constitute "the greatest competition of its kind ever held in the world." More than 2,000, 1923 secondary school pupils of the United States, England, France, Canada and Mexico participated in debates, and reports from which boys from five Nations finally emerged as champions. These champion boys orators came to Washington, and in a great assemblage which was addressed by President Coolidge, with several Cabinet members on the speakers platform, contested for the international honors. Herbert Weng of Los Angeles, was first honor, and Jose Manzanera of Mexico, won the second place. The objects of the oratorical contests are to increase interest in and respect for the basic principles of government in each of the participating nations, and to bring about a better understanding between nations by means of a frank and friendly statement of national viewpoints. Twenty great newspapers in the United States have been taking part in the promotion of these contests. During the coming year several million school boys and girls will participate in regional and State contests of a similar nature. It becomes necessary for each contestant to delve deep into the history of his or her country, to know the aims and purposes of the Constitution and the underlying principles upon which the national system has been built. No doubt when President Coolidge made the statement quoted above he felt that a movement of this kind would eventually do more than anything else that could be brought forward to promote world peace and national honor, and thus to help to end wars.

## THE QUEEN IN WASHINGTON

Queen Marie of Roumania got along splendidly in Washington. There are a lot of people who do not know just where Roumania is, but every one knows that Queen Marie is the granddaughter of sweet old Queen Victoria. That helps out wonderfully. Besides that Queen Marie wears accepted length American skirts, has bobbed hair, and is as democratic as a drug clerk. When she was met at the Levitts by a mob of American writers who asked for an interview, she made a great speech. Here it is: "I want you to like me, to like us." That's where she won!

These seems to be nothing snobbish

## NO NEED TO COUGH

## NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

Balsam Has No Equal For Conquering Hang-On Coughs.

After all there is no present day cough syrup that can take the place of this old time proven prescription made from the rarest herbs nature offers for anything and stopping coughs. This old fashioned herb balsam is for the stubborn cough that keeps you awake nights, and it is this kind of a cough that quickly conquers. Here's what prominent druggists say about Adams' Balsam Cough Balsam.

"The popularity and excellence of this balsam used for 65 years is entirely explained as follows: If I were to put a cough remedy as good as Adams' Balsam Cough Balsam with the same well known ingredients it would take me 5 hours and I'd have to charge an exorbitant price. The public is fortunate that they can obtain it for only 25 cents. No better balsam can be obtained and some more highly recommended for children. Contains no opiates."

It cures the sore infected part like a healing pebble and quickly soothes and conquers the most stubborn cough. First dose instantly relieves, the rest of your cough. Get a bottle of Adams' Balsam Cough Balsam from your druggist.

about Queen Marie. She got along in a chummy sort of way with the officials of the American State Department, and hit it off hummily with President Coolidge. And since it is known that Queen Marie has proved herself to be the same sort of a lovable woman as the American public admires in the persons of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, she has conquered all prejudices and is counted as a welcome guest of the United States.

## IT'S DISLOYAL

President Coolidge in his recent speech before the International Oratorical contestants in Washington, outlined the duties of citizenship. He declared that "the voice of the untrammelled voter speaks with divine authority," and he declared that failure to vote was disloyalty.

## A TOUGH CAMPAIGN

Managers of the political campaign now being waged throughout the country say that it is a tough proposition to attempt to reach the American public and arouse interest in politics and Government affairs. In the olden days a political campaign often developed into a temper, but in the present era there are so many other exciting events being scheduled all the time that a trivial thing like electing senators, representatives, governors and county officers is soon apart for American men and women.

Strenuous efforts are being made to get the voters to go to the polls this Fall. Men are lackadaisical about the proposition, and the women of the Nation who felt so abused when they didn't have the vote don't seem to care so much about using the franchise now that it is within their grasp.

## THE NEXT CONGRESS

The Republicans are claiming that they will hold the next House of Representatives, and it takes a brave Democrat to dispute this prophecy. However, well-informed political leaders feel certain that the next Senate will not be under the dominion of any political party. Progressives and independents will hold the balance of power. But, everybody knows that they will fail to hold their own balance, and therefore a shifting, scattered minority will continue to make legislation of all kinds uncertain. Undoubtedly the principal worry about this condition is being borne by the national administration, which realizes that it cannot control Congress, and that therefore whatever the White House legislative program may be that it will be punched full of holes during the next few months.

## TOLES AND THE CENTENNIAL

The names of 5,000,000 Toles, together with a commemorative medal in gold, has been presented to President Coolidge. The signatures were affixed to a testimonial of appreciation to the American people on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

There is a suspicion that the people who have been promoting the Request Centennial at Philadelphia—and watching it go to ruin, are apt to feel that there is more interest in the Declaration in Poland than there is in the

## RU-BER-OLD SHINGLES

also

ROOFINGS

RED PRESSED BRICK

ODD MILLWORK

H. ALTON BACON

Bryant's Pond, Maine

## YOUNG TEDDY

Something over two years ago, Washington had seen to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt when he left the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which his father had held before him, to become a candidate on the Republican ticket for Governor of New York State. Roosevelt made a good run against Al Smith but was defeated. Reports coming back to Washington indicate that he has been gradually fading out of the political picture in his own State. When he came to Washington in an official position there were great hopes that he would shine as his father shone before him. The trouble all seems to be that the shine that first wore off in Washington does not seem to have increased in lustre in New York State. Young Teddy has not established himself in the same class that was occupied by his illustrious father.

## SHOOT 'EM

The Postmaster General says that he is going to stop mail robbery. The plan is to turn the devil dog marines loose on the mail thieves, and shoot 'em, if necessary.

## MIDDLE INTERVALE ROAD

Mrs. Beattie Soule of Portland spent the week end at her old home. Mr. "Ted" Stanley and family spent Sunday with his parents and brother and sisters at the old homestead. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Baker and daughter, June, spent Sunday at her mother's. Augustus Carter was home over Sunday, and dined at his uncle's, Charles Capen's. Mrs. Mary J. Capen is with her daughter, Fannie, at the village. Mrs. Sarah Gunther has gone to Massachusetts to spend the winter with her daughter and family.

## EAST BETHEL

Mr. Robert Hastings recently motored to Lewiston and return. Mr. William S. Hastings, Mr. J. H. Swan and other parties passed the week end in camp at Parnesseen lakes. Mrs. Wm. S. Hastings was over the week end guest and until Tuesday visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cole, Greenwood. Mr. and Mrs. Ceylon Kimball and family motored to South Paris and return, Sunday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Allen and family. Mrs. Mary Kimball was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Pierce, Norway, recently.

Mr. George Harrington has gone to Rumford where he has employment. Mr. Jack Clark and Miss Ethel Blake of Everett, Mass., recently enjoyed a short vacation with relatives here. Mrs. Edith Howe and Mrs. Ruth Hastings were recent guests of Mrs. Jennie Mitchell, Bethel. Mr. and Mrs. Elton Bean were over week end guests of Mrs. Carrie Bartlett and family. Miss Reed of Farmington was a recent guest of Mrs. H. O. Blake. Miss Marie Billings is working for Mrs. Alice Farrington at Locke's Mills.

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Mrs. Paul B. Head was in Boston a few days recently, visiting her sister. Miss Margery Kessell spent the week end in Rumford. Mrs. Graves and daughter of South Paris were guests of Mrs. W. H. Mason a few days recently.

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